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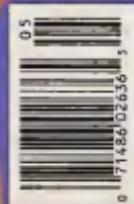
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THE ALL-NEW IMPROVED FULL-COLOR GIANT ECONOMY SIZE D-CUP!

NOW WITH SUPER-MEGABOOB
ON EVERY PAGE!

THE MAGAZINE RECOMMENDED
BY 9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS FOR
FAST RELIEF!

Lately you've been hearing a lot about super-megaboobs. Perhaps you've asked: What are super-megaboobs and what do they mean to me? Super-megaboobs are what you see on this page and throughout this magazine. They are so massive they redefine the nature of reality and aesthetics. As far what they mean to you, we can only speculate on this most intimate question. It is possible that you look upon super-megaboobs objectively, and yet with a keen appreciation and fulfilling understanding, as you would look upon a classical painting by Rembrandt in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. On the other hand, you may look upon them lustfully, thrabbing penis in hand, your primary desire being to spunk the photographs with hot wads of sperm. Well, that's cool. This is, after all, the magazine recommended by 9 out of 10 doctors for fast relief.

You'll flip head over heels for the new, improved, full-color D-CUP. We've packed our pages with more girlsets, more pictures, more super-megaboobs and more moist, gaping pussy than ever before. Every photo you see on this page represents a taste of the spectacular pictorials and features we have in store. Ivory Coast and covergirl Tiffany Tawers are alone worth the price of admission. But we also have four living legends: Nilli, Jeanine, Kellie Everts and Party Plenty. And naturally, we've retained all that has made us great in the past: Big Boob Beat, Letters, Interviews and erotic fiction and art. But now it's all in eye-popping full-color. Also, we're introducing a new comic strip, "Queen Gazanga."

If you're an old D-CUP fan then you know what to expect. If this is the first time you've ever picked us up, welcome aboard. We envy you the good times ahead!



D-CUP

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She hoisted the captain's rig, swabbed his deck and shivered his timbers!





Ivory Coast





50 EEE jugs & areolae the size of compact discs!

The last time we saw Ivory Coast, in our September 1991 issue, she was lezzing out in the backyard of her L.A. home with big breasted dancing bud, Kayla Kleevoge. As Ivory noted in that memorable pictorial, "Big tits cash big checks," and we are certainly in no position to disagree, as we paid Ms. Coast a lady sum to make an encore appearance, this time alone. It was imperative, we felt, to give you the opportunity to concentrate fully on her wonderous attributes: 50 EEE jugs, areolae the size of compact discs, moist, elastic pussy lips and an uncompromising willingness to literally stand on her head to arouse a man.

A dancer by profession, Ivory appears in sleazy strip joints all over the country. Her favorite cities to perform in are Tampa, Florida, New Haven, Connecticut and Houston and San Antonio, Texas. There, lust-crazed fans line up at the foot of the stage for the opportunity to mosh their heads between her over-endowed whoppers.

These photos are a good indication of what Ivory's live act is like. She spreads her hairy hole wide open, she jiggles her tits provocatively and she sucks on her nipples until she explodes in a shattering public climax. But what is Ivory like off stage? "I like to come," she says. "I like to fuck men and I like to fuck women. And when I can't have either, I like to masturbate."



















Big Boob Beat

Auntie Jayne's D-Cup Photo Seminar

5 Stacked Models—
No Waiting!



The level of excitement and energy is high. In a cavernous photo studio, not far from central London, five professional models, all with large breasts, and about three dozen amateur photographers are getting down to business. At first, all five girls—Debbie Quarles being the most notable though certainly not the most stacked—strip off their tops and line up in front of a graffiti-covered wall. All photographers present gather around them in a roiling semi-circle, like a deranged firing squad. They focus their cameras, which range from old instamatics to basic self-focusing one-shots to elaborate Nikons with foot-long telephoto lenses. Suddenly the studio explodes, three dozen flashes and strobes going off again and again, the ultimate attack of the paparazzi. As the session progresses the girls and photographers move to different sets already constructed around the studio—a barn with bales of hay and a bedroom with a brass bed. They pose completely nude, good naturedly taking directions from the photographers who shout out their suggestions: "Move closer! Crush your tits together!" The strobes flash incessantly until everybody breaks for lunch, a well-catered affair which includes wine, soda, cheese,

quiche, roast chicken, french bread and an assortment of mousses.

The event is Auntie Jayne's (aka Pat Wynn's) Big Boob Photo Seminar which, for the past ten years, she has held approximately every five weeks either at a photo studio or, in the summer, on a boat on the Thames River.

Today, Pat Wynn, a former big boob model (42E-26-37) and columnist for *Escort* magazine is dressed in a low-cut scarlet dress that draws one's attention to her extraordinary cleavage. She circulates among the photographers, chatting pleasantly and answering their questions.

Auntie Jayne explains that all the photographers here today are long-time fans who read her *Escort* column and wrote to her asking for the opportunity to meet and photograph the models they saw in the magazine. It was arranged and since day one "Meals on Heels," as she calls it, has been a roaring success. There are other seminars around, but this one is the best organized. Over the years most of England's top big boob models have posed for their fans: Debbie Ashby, Tracey Neves, Lisa Phillips, Jeanine Oldfield and Toni Francis to name but a few.

The event is strictly for amateurs. None of the photos taken are for publication. Often, a professional photographer, like Steve Colby, will give tips on nude photography. There's also a Christmas party where boob fans get to mingle with their favorite models who are dressed in skimpy lingerie.

If you are going to be in London and would like to participate in the seminar, you can write to Pat Wynn at P.O. Box 708, London SW16 1UL, England. The price is \$110 for an entire day of shooting, lunch and wine. A \$40 deposit is required.



Sunday Spurts

Front Page Bold Type

50 DD Boob Legend Tiffany Towers Flashes her Assets!

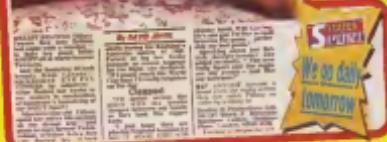


Leave it to the Brits to come up with a newspaper like the Sunday Sport which recently became the Daily Sport. A combination of sex (just tits and ass, no pussies, please), with a smattering of scandal, the patently absurd, Elvis and sports, it offers an array of such astonishing headlines as "I'm the real ugly hooker who cost the DPP his job," "Barbed wire shreds nutcase Nigel's nuts" and "Rubber Johnny keeps sex fiends off my back!"

The Sport makes our own Enquirer look classy, but the English love it and in an issue that appeared late last year our covergirl and centerfold Tiffany Towers was featured on the front page.

The story that appeared inside—"Rugger boobs Tiffany loves it EVERY day!"—told how the nineteen year old model spent her life savings to fly to England from Canada so she could flash her tits at a rugby match and seduce British rugby star Will Carling.

Who cares if the story is true? All that matters is that Tiffany has great tits, a gorgeous face and a juicy twat. If you want to see more, turn to page 40.



D-CUP

LETTERS

CLARENCE THOMAS WOULD APPROVE

Your November issue is awesome! Busty Dusty is a real knockout! Nilli and that stud really put on a good show with all those poses! But I happen to be a nut for the interracial stuff and I'd like to see you run some in D-CUP. I'd like to see Nilli, if she's willing, do some of the same stuff again, with a black stud. What I'd like is for eighteen-inch Long Dong Silver to tit-fuck Nilli's incredible cleavage. That would really make for a spectacular pictorial!

What I'd like is for eighteen-inch Long Dong Silver to tit-fuck Nilli's incredible cleavage!

There's something that would mean more than anything to me that I've always wanted to see in a magazine.

I'd love to see super-hung stud Dick Rombone tit-fuck black beauty Ebony Ayes. That would be the ultimate interracial tit-fuck of all time! What could be more erotic than Ebony and Rombone together? I've written a script of what I'd like to see the two of them do, if you can ever get them together. Start off with Ebony sitting on the edge of a bed, scoffing at Mr. Rombone. Then, when Dick gets undressed, she's somewhat impressed, but not as much as she should be. Next, Dick is kneeling on the bed, facing Ebony, who's lying there spread open. Show a close-up of Dick about to stick his big prick into Ebony's open hole. Ebony is now in orgasmic ecstasy, clutching her tummy and groaning. Dick pulls his prick out of her cunt and touches it to her tummy then moves up higher and tit-fucks her as she orgasms more. Ebony sits up, somewhat weary, as Dick points his prick at the upper part of her cleavage. She opens her mouth wide and Dick stuffs it in, orgasming down her deep throat. Finally, Dick goes home as a tired Ebony talks on the phone, holding her tummy with one hand.

Name withheld
Hartford, CT



INTER-RACIAL TIT-FUCKING

I like all the big tits in your magazine, but I'd like to see more big black tits in full color layouts, particularly Denise from your July 1988 issue. She should be in the centerfold, not just a few fuzzy black and white shots. If she is available, you should have her pose for several layouts and then do a special edition of Denise only. You could sell it through mail order. And while we're on the topic of busty black women, isn't it about time Ebony Ayes appeared in the centerfold of your magazine? She should be featured regularly. I like the boy/girl layouts and I'd love to see some

Interracial tit-fucking is always better if the stud is very well hung.

tit-fuck layouts with interracial pairings. Interracial tit-fucking is always better if the stud is very well hung and the looks or if she's spent from having lots of sex. (Is there any possibility of having Christy Canyon and Roy Victory do a tit-fuck layout?) How about a special issue with nothing but interracial tit fucking. You could call it D-CUPS & STUDS. Busty Belle and Chessie Moore are two more big-tit sex stars that you could have featured in a tit-fucking magazine. They've both done interracial stuff in films.

Name and Address withheld

Ebony Ayes isn't posing much anymore, but she did appear with Samantha Strong in the centerfold and on the cover of our November/December 1987 issue.



woman has n

JUSTICE FOR ALL

YOUR EXCELLENT MAGAZINE

Le's face it. I originally decided to appear in D-CUP because I was getting paid for it. With that small pictorial, they also printed my address: Justice Howard, 312 N. St. Andrews Pl., Los Angeles, CA 90004. They told fans to write to me there. I really didn't understand what I was getting into.

Fans did write, hundreds of them. I never realized how many fans I had. They called me beautiful and sexy. Not bad for a kid who used to be called fat. They all wanted to see me in a video, but I had none.

There were so many requests for a video that I finally decided to make one. No company backed it, no production groups helped me out. I found a few talented friends, went out for a couple of days and made some videos for my D-CUP fans who wrote to me, my fans who called me beautiful and sexy, who made this little girl who was once called fat feel like a princess. Write to me, I'll tell you how to get it. It's the least I can do.

This is just a short letter to let you know that I enjoy your magazine very much. I have every issue from the very beginning and I always purchase two copies, one for pleasure and one for my own collection. As a military research analyst it's a great

I always purchase two D-CUPS, one for pleasure and one for my private collection.

pleasure to have your excellent magazine every month to break the routine of reports, computer printouts and other boring material that I have to review and analyze. Once again keep up the great work with your great magazine and I hope to see many more great issues in the future.

Justice Howard
Los Angeles, CA

Shaundore
New York, NY



*Patty
Plementi*



**XXX Goes
Mainstream!**

CC

"I have to wear a bra all the time, even sleep in a bra when I sleep alone."

Such are the problems of living with a 34 FFF chest, but Patty Plenty doesn't mind. The rewards of such ample endowment are too great—she's one of the few X-rated performers who has crossed over into the realm of mainstream celebrity. Recently the Las Vegas based stripper appeared on an Austrian version of "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous," the first hardcore performer ever featured on the show.





A licensed pilot who likes to get fucked doggie style, though not necessarily while she's flying, Patty began her career as a Las Vegas showgirl before becoming a stripper and pomo star. She has appeared in a plethora of videos: *Bodacious Tatas*, *Good 'N' Plenty*, *Stiff Competition*, *Deep Appreciation*, *Swedish Erotica #73*, *Secrets Behind the Door*, *Girls from Room 38 DD*, *Creatures of the Night*, *Thanks for the Mammaries* and her own six volume series of videos.

The most amazing story Patty tells, though, is how she went from a 32 D to her current bra busting size. It wasn't silicone she claims. It was, rather, an ancient Chinese cream that she learned of while touring the Orient five years ago. "A man had to rub it into my breasts two times a day, every day." Obviously, the results were smashingly successful.

Though Patty prefers men to women and dates everyone from doctors to dentists to real estate tycoons to attorneys, she will "in spurts" make love to a woman if the mood strikes her. "If it feels good, if it's the right girl, I like it," she says.

Patty performs everywhere from Hawaii's Club Cherry to San Francisco's Market Street Cinema to New York's Show World. You can contact her through her fan club. The address is 1350 East Flamingo, Suite 108, Las Vegas, Nevada 89119.











Exclusive!

The Nilli Interview

36 DD exotic inches of all-natural porn star!



Diddlebury Hall

Somewhere in Shropshire, England—Let us call the place Diddlebury Hall, a majestic country estate, nearly 250 years old, set in the middle of an 80 acre park. It conjures images of an England of long ago, something out of a Jane Austen novel. Sheep and cows graze in the meadows. Farmers plow the fields. Gardeners tend the flowers. A touch of the modern world is unavoidable. An old Morris Minor is parked by the side of the house and a Range Rover in front, by the trout pond, where old men wearing tweed caps fish.

Inside Diddlebury Hall, the lord of the manor, a man we shall call Lord Punter-Wank, is pursuing his hobby—pornography. Like the enterprising modern-day lord in the old Schweppes commercial who makes ends meet by charging money for tours of his estate, Lord Punter-Wank, a jolly-looking silver-haired man in his early forties, rents out Diddlebury Hall to professional pornographers who use it as a set for their still and videos shoots. And the lord, a dedicated smut fan, follows around the models and photo-

By Bobby Paradise

tographers with his home video camera, shooting footage for his "private collection."

It's early autumn and John Graham, king of the big boob photographers, has invaded Diddlebury Hall with a crew of four, five large breasted porn models and two porn studs. At any given moment there are three shoots going on simultaneously: a girl-girl shoot in the parlor, a boy-girl video in the snooker room and a single girl shoot in the master bedroom. It's

"I have no problems showing my pussy. I'd go quite into detail and show everything."



porno heaven and Lord Punter-Wank, staying quietly in the background, is getting it all down on video, moving from room to room as the spirit strikes him.

"Are you a trouser dropper?" Lord Punter-Wank asks me when he sees me sitting on a couch in the snooker room watching Lee Francis wedge his cock down Nilli's throat on top of the snooker table.

"No my Lord, I'm an editor...from America."

"Well I thought you were a trouser dropper. And don't call me 'my Lord.'"

It is now after the shoot. Nilli, fresh out of the bath and wearing a robe, her hair wrapped in a towel, is sitting in a club chair, in the living room, by an electric "fireplace." Star of such videos as *Mammary Manor*, *Nilli #113*, and *Big Boobs Around the World #5* (H&S Sales), she's been on the scene since early 1990 and is famous for her huge, all-natural tits. She's examining the November 1991 D-CUP which contains her first hardcore shoot. In these crystal clear photographs, which are nasty in the extreme, Nilli demonstrates that even a year ago she knew her way around a hard cock.

"I like it," Nilli says of the pictorial, looking at me sitting on the floor, scribbling in my notebook.



This is Nilli's first interview and she's not sure how to go about it.

"Just talk to me," I say. "Pretend I'm not writing down everything you say. Tell me the truth; don't say what you think people want to hear."



"I want you to write the truth," she says. "One magazine ran pictures of me and said I was a whore from Damascus, Syria. That got me very upset."

D-CUP: Are you actually an Israeli?

NILLI: Yes. I was born in Israel on Kibbutz Saar. It's in the northwestern part of the country near Naharia. I came to England when I was five years old and lived in Preston.

D-CUP: How exactly did you get into this business?

NILLI: I started doing porno in 1990, a month after my eighteenth birthday. I got into it on the advice of my boyfriend; he said I'd make a great model. I said no. Then I realized he was making sense, you know, just flash my body and make money. I hooked up with an agency that put me in touch with John Graham. The day before I was due to fly out to Israel I met him.

D-CUP: What did you do before you started posing?

NILLI: I worked in an office as a secretary, answering phones. I made a little over \$200 a week.

D-CUP: When you posed for John, was that the first time you ever posed nude?

NILLI: I had actually done one video before, for a private collector. I took off my clothes and played with myself. It was horrible. I didn't know what I was doing and the guy who was shooting it didn't help, didn't explain anything. The money was disgusting. I was naive.

D-CUP: What did John tell you?

NILLI: John Graham told me he'd shoot a set of stills and a video. I was to stay fully dressed and work my way through my clothes until I was naked. I did two sets of stills and two videos.

D-CUP: Did he pay you a lot of money?

NILLI: The money was great. John is great to work with. The make up artist was great. I knew I'd never work for anyone else once I met John.

D-CUP: Did you show your pussy in those early shoots?

NILLI: I was a bit nervous but I had no problem showing my pussy. I go quite into detail and show everything.

D-CUP: But you didn't want to do hardcore?

"I sat on top of him and I just came. I was frightened. I didn't know what happened. I thought I'd wet myself."

NILLI: I refused to do hardcore at first. Then I was offered a lot of money to do a lesbian shoot—over \$2,500 for one week's work. So I did my first two girl with Jeanine Oldfield. I was nervous as shit the whole time. I didn't mind having Jeanine touch my body, but it didn't really turn me on. John flew me over from Israel for a week to do the shoot. I'd phoned John from Israel and told him I wanted to work. He rented a house and we also worked in a studio where there were a lot of sets. I really enjoyed myself. I stayed in London for a while and then went back to Israel.

D-CUP: What exactly do you do in Israel?

NILLI: I work as a chef in the kibbutz kitchen. I feed 350 people breakfast, lunch and dinner.

D-CUP: What's your sex life like there?

NILLI: Well, I can tell you one good story. I met a volunteer Danish girl and Canadian girl and got friendly with them. I told them I was modeling but they didn't believe me. I always wore scruffy clothes in the kitchen and I stank of food. So I showed them some polaroids and they said, "Oh my God, you weren't telling lies, you were telling the truth after all." We'd touch each other's tits and make silly remarks, in jest, just messing about. They wanted to do modeling too, but they didn't have big tits. One night, one of the girls, the Danish one, was drunk in the kibbutz pub. There was music blaring out and she got suggestive. "Nilli," she said, "I've never fucked a woman and I want to fuck you." So I said, "Oh yeah, I'd like to fuck you, too." We strolled off to her little bedroom and started fingering each other and sucking on each other's tits. Then we went down on each other. She orgasmed, but not me. (I've never orgasmed, except for one guy.) After what happened we were the best of pals but we never ever did it again.

D-CUP: Why not?

NILLI: War broke out in the Persian Gulf and I came to London. I did more work for John. I finally did hardcore.

D-CUP: How did he convince you to do it?



NILLI: He told me that I was being silly and that I'd probably enjoy it. "You can make so much money," he said. Hardcore is a lot more money than lesbian. I did it and I enjoyed it.

D-CUP: Tell me the story about the guy who made you orgasm?

NILLI: The only guy who ever made me orgasm, I'd been seeing him for three years and it only happened



"The only time I like the fact that I have big tits is when I'm making money posing for magazines or doing videos."

once. I was living with him. He was a black guy and he was fantastic in bed, the best guy I ever slept with. His cock was nine or ten inches, very big, thick, nice. I've never enjoyed sex with anybody but him. We were at a party and we'd taken lots of drugs, smoked lots of dope. It was six A.M. and we went back up to our room. We had sex. I sat on top of him and I just came. I was frightened, I didn't know what happened. I thought I'd wet myself. I asked him, "What is it? What is all this stuff?" I had a feeling in the back of my mind that I'd come. "That probably means you enjoyed yourself, darling," he said and walked out. That was my orgasm. I haven't had one since and I've tried for the life of me to have one. That's the truth.

D-CUP: Have you tried masturbating?

NILLI: I don't masturbate. I've done it a couple of times. I've got better things to do with my time. The guy I'm with now doesn't masturbate either.

D-CUP: Isn't it frustrating never having orgasms?

NILLI: Sometimes I feel frustrated when I don't come and he does. I don't think that to come is necessarily part of a relationship. I enjoy sex with my guy and that's all that counts.

D-CUP: What are your measurements?

NILLI: I'm a 36 DD-26-36.

D-CUP: Very nice. Are your tits real?

NILLI: My breasts are all natural. It's very important to be your all natural self. I hate cosmetic surgery. I hate nose jobs, tilt jobs, neck jobs, lip jobs, eye jobs, blow jobs and hand jobs—no, no just kidding. The last two I enjoy. God intended my body to grow like this and that's the way it is. If He wanted me to have bigger tits, they'd have been bigger. They only started growing a couple of years ago. I was the last girl in my class to get tits.

D-CUP: How did you lose your virginity?

NILLI: I screwed a guy I was seeing at school in my mom's attic. It was boring.

D-CUP: For a porn star you seem to have a peculiar attitude about sex.

NILLI: I don't think sex is the most important thing in life. Sex is for when you have nothing else to do. I've gone six months without sex. It's no problem.

D-CUP: What's your favorite way to have sex?

NILLI: I like oral sex because I like having things in my mouth. If it's not my tits then it's his dick and I like it cause it gives the man a lot of pleasure.

D-CUP: What does it mean to have an enormous pair of tits? Do they give you power?

NILLI: Sometimes it's embarrassing cause my clothes don't fit. The only time I like the fact that I have big tits is when I'm making money posing for magazines or doing videos. Other than that I wish I had small ones. But I like the thought that men are looking at my pictures and getting pleasure out of them.

"My breasts are all natural. It's very important to be your all natural self."

D-CUP: What do you do in your free time?

NILLI: I enjoy smoking dope cause it gives me a buzz. I smoke it all day long and then I crash. I smoke for 14 out of 24 hours. Then I have sex, watch the telly, listen to reggae music, fast music.

D-CUP: Who do you listen to?

NILLI: Aswad, Seal, Scorpions, heavy metal. I suppose you've never heard of them.

D-CUP: I've heard of the Scorpions. How do you feel when you look at your pictures in the magazines or see yourself getting fucked in a video?

NILLI: I'm a vain person. I enjoy watching myself. I think how pretty I look. I look at my face and try and see how I could have looked better. People tell me I'm ugly. So I tell them, "If I'm so ugly, why am I a model?" I don't even look at my boobs when I'm watching myself.

D-CUP: What are your plans for the future?

NILLI: I'm going to do this for a couple of years then settle down, get married and have kids.

D-CUP: Are you going back to Israel?

NILLI: I'm going back in two weeks. I was born there. I'm a Sabra.

D-CUP: How has doing porno changed you?

NILLI: After doing so many two girl videos, I'm a lot more at ease with women. Maybe it's my prerogative to be a lesbian, maybe that's how I'm going to come. Sex has become more acceptable. At one point I wouldn't even have sex with the light on. It's become a lot more relaxing.

D-CUP: Any final words for your fans?

NILLI: I hope when the guys see my pictures they enjoy them as much as I enjoy posing for them.

D-CUP: Do you have a fan club or a way people can contact you?

NILLI: Yes, they can write to me at JLG Productions. The address is 161-167 Block F, Riverside Business Centre, Haldane Place, London, SW18 4OQ, England. □





Nilli & Jeanine

The historic lesbian encounter



If you've just read the Nilli interview on the preceding pages, you already know that about two years ago, Nilli, then a virtually unknown nude model with a spectacular pair of all-natural tits, was paid \$2,500 for a week of work. That work was to include her first lesbian pictorial. In a London studio she posed with Jeanine Oldfield whose equally spectacular all-natural tits had already propelled her to international X-rated celebrity.

The D-cup star-to-be went nipple-to-nipple with the D-cup star at the zenith of her popularity. Nilli was nervous but Jeanine, an old pro, was soon able to help the Israeli woman put her jitters aside. They were able to create an atmosphere of sensuality that resulted in the historic photos you see here — Nilli and Jeanine's first lesbian encounter.

For a woman never involved in Sapphic activity before, Nilli warms quickly to the challenge. She digs into Jeanine's moist, open twat with enthusiasm and allows her mentor to return the favor, brazenly looking into the camera as her girl juices flow. And the nipple-to-clit tit work is enough to establish new standards of hornyness in photographs of this nature.

Soon, Nilli would go on to overt hardcore, XXX video and her own international celebrity. Jeanine of course still works steadily, her image now an icon in the big boob pantheon.















Will wonders never cease?



Tracking down Tiffany Towers and bringing her back alive for display in the pages of this magazine was not unlike hunting the Great White Whale. For two years we'd traveled to the four corners of the globe, chasing rumors of sightings, only to arrive too late. Tiffany was gone. Tiffany wouldn't pose. Tiffany had posed, but the photos were already sold (for a king's ransom) to our stealthy competition. But our persistence has finally paid off. At last we've bagged the new, improved Tiffany Towers. When she last posed for our worthy competitor she was 55 GGG-20-31. Today, the 20 year old 5'3" 105 pound resident of Montreal, Canada has expanded to a mind-boggling 75 HHH-22-32. Will wonders never cease?

When she's not posing for magazines, Tiffany tours all over the United States and Canada dancing in clubs. Her two favorite clubs are Caligula in Dallas and House of Lancaster in Toronto, the city where she was born. Her energetic act contains lots of gymnastics and the hottest part, she says is, "when I take off my bra." Lately, Tiffany has begun making hardcore videos, but she only fucks her boyfriend, Roberto. (Check out *Tiffany Towers* #74, H&S Sales.)

"I like normal sex," Tiffany says. "I like it in any position and I like it six times a day. When I was working in Vancouver recently, I was there for two weeks and I was getting it every day, six times a day."

Our telephone interview with Tiffany came to an end when she had to go out to the bank to make a deposit. "When you have 75 HHH breasts, a girl can make a lot of money," Tiffany noted. "Hey, I used to work at McDonalds."



Tiffany Lovell





















THE STACKED STOWAWAY

***She hoisted the captain's rig,
swabbed his deck and shivered his
timbers!***

By Frank Sandwell

Casting off from the dock and using auxiliary power to nudge the Pelican astern, Pete was relieved to be finally getting under way and headed for Santa Catalina Island. It was just after dawn and Quivira Basin was still deserted except for the myriad yachts whose masts and rigging were silhouetted against the rising sun. Being only sixty odd miles from the mainland, the popular California vacation island, Jack hoped to drop anchor at Avalon by afternoon with the help of the prevailing westerly breeze. Now the experienced sailor was going to get a real chance to test his recently acquired racer-cruiser on the Pacific Ocean.

As soon as Jack was well out to sea he took a northwesterly course and

to trim the sails for a close-hauled port tack. The bearded mariner knew he was going to have his work cut out sailing to windward, and being alone and hung-over certainly wasn't going to help matters either. It was a miracle he'd even gotten up this early considering his alcoholic binge at the yacht club the previous night. And Jack definitely wouldn't have risen this early had he managed to screw that big-titted blonde who was desperately trying to bum a trip to the offshore island for the weekend. She was everything he found sexy in a woman—pretty face, long legs, thin waist, and above all, huge breasts. Deep down, Jack had wanted to say yes to the babe straight away, but as usual his relentless macho teasing had got in

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Illustration by Brian Pardue

Video Review

The Big Boobed Universe of Kellie Everts

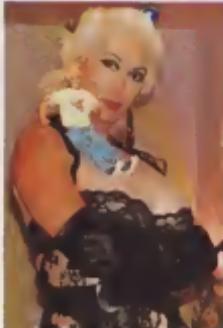
Motivation, discipline,
progress,
achievement, reward!

By Oscar Stein



Many years ago, a favorite uncle of mine gave me as a present a book by Richard Halliburton, a famous adventurer who explored exotic lands and wrote about his travels in a series of volumes that made him an idol of boys and men alike. I can't remember the name of the book anymore, or even the exact places that Halliburton talked about, but I do remember that it was filled with photographs of fabulous mountains, mysterious ruins, peculiar animals and bizarre customs.

Halliburton went to the far reaches of this earth to find the unusual and remarkable. As it turns out, all I have had to do to become an explorer not unlike the intrepid Halliburton is to pop a few cassettes into my VCR and visit a fantastic world filled with extraordinary sights and mesmerizing marvels. That world is the big-boobed video universe of one of the most striking strippers of all time, Kellie Everts.



Kellie Everts! Is she a mortal woman, or a goddess from some mythological pantheon? It's hard to tell, because although she certainly appears to be flesh and blood, her incredible curves seem supernatural. It is as if she has walked out of a 1950s fetish comic book. Her high heels are skyscraper tall. Her rounded derriere is the very dream of ass-men worldwide. And her breasts—I've been saving those for last—are truly startling in their firmness and hugeness. Of course, one cannot forget her dynamic pussy, which is covered with a justifiably famous mass of pubic hair that she has always refused to trim out of her long-held conviction that Nature, as we find Her, gets things right and doesn't need Lady Schick to make things different.

Kellie Everts has had a long and distinguished career in the field of erotic entertainment. Lithuanian-born, she came to this country in her childhood when her parents decided to escape the scourge of Adolf Hitler and his minions. She grew up in New Jersey, and also attended school in Brooklyn, New York. The child of intellectuals absorbed in culture, she developed into a startlingly beautiful young lady, and her beauty propelled her to Hollywood, where like many talented and voluptuous creatures she pursued the dream of a life on the silver screen. But Tinseltown is a tough place, degrading in its exploitative demands, and perhaps Kellie was too independent and aware to give in to its sleazy manipulations. But she liked being in California, and with her looks, soon found herself attracted to the newly burgeoning arena of topless entertainment. It didn't take long for somebody with Kellie's remarkable endowments to become a shining superstar as a topless entertainer. But it wasn't just her gorgeousness that made her a luminary—it was her positive attitude towards her body and sensuality that made the fans take notice.

Not content with the topless scene, Kellie moved onto the nude beauty competitions that were becoming popular. It was a cinch for her—she became Miss Nude Universe and garnered incredible press attention from the likes of *Playboy*, *Esquire*, *Penthouse*, and many other magazines. She appeared on televi-



sion shows like *Today*, *Tonight*, and *To Tell the Truth*. As her career star ascended, she became one of the great strippers of our era, appearing everywhere from Cleveland's New Era to New York's famed Melody Theater. And then her stripping took a unique turn when she began preaching on-stage as well, becoming known as the Stripper for God. Men were startled and intrigued by her daring combination of the sensual and the spiritual, but this was yet another way that Kellie integrated her searching personality into her work.

After all her accomplishments, though, was Kellie satisfied? After being on more than 100 television shows and in 400 magazines, did

she rest on her laurels? Indeed not. She also became the first female bodybuilder, piling up titles like "Most Beautiful Body" and "Miss Americana." She came out with a book called *The Ultimate Woman* which brought her theories of fitness training to the greater public. Now, Kellie started with her training way back in 1974, pre-dating all the Rachel McLishes and Gladys Portugueses who came later and seemed, to the unknowledgeable, to be the female bodybuilding pioneers, but who actually were only following Miss Everts' trailblazing lead.

Still, with all this under her belt, was Kellie content to sit back and say, "That's it, now I can retire, I've made my mark"? What a silly ques-



tion. How could a woman with this much vitality not pursue even greater triumphs? And that brings us to her videos—that unique universe I spoke of at the beginning of this article. Yes, the next logical step was for Kellie to utilize the ever-more accessible tool of video to make a distinctive fusion of all her talents—dancing, eroticism, modeling, and a taste for music which she must have inherited from her artistic mother.

Yes, like Richard Halliburton, I went to an amazing place, but it was not Angkor Wat or the Himalayas. It was the Kellie Everts Universe, and it was inside my television.

"I'm still recovering from the green spandex outfit that wrapped her body in lust-inspiring tightness."

The first video I watched was entitled "Fashion Strip," and it's #16 in her catalog and is 67 minutes of pure Kellie for \$93. As the obedient camera stares up at her from a low angle, Kellie dances and jiggles her massive bosom to the rousing strains of classical music like the "Sabre Dance" by Aram Khachaturian. Kellie describes her

bras as she parades around in tight black capri pants and, later, a sexy white outfit which prompts a discussion of the tantalizing virtues of white on a woman. Soon she climbs up a ladder and shows off her ass in very tight pants. "Wouldn't you like to be underneath this ladder looking at a beautiful well-built woman?" she asks. Later we get to see her pussy hair, in all its startling abundance, spilling over her lace panties. Various classical selections like the music of Offenbach accompany her boob-caressing and twat-fondling.

Video #66 (90 minutes, \$50) opens with an announcer giving Kellie's onstage intro, peaking with "She dances to save men's souls." Save their souls, maybe, but not their semen! I could feel my journey into her universe continuing as she danced in her elaborate costume, stripped down to her tits, jiggled them wildly, and shook her ass at the lens as a variety of music, ranging from Motown to more contemporary pop, played on the track. I'm still recovering from the green spandex outfit that wrapped her body in lust-inspiring tightness and seems to have sent lightning bolts in the direction of my balls, which, after all, are quite vulnerable to the kinky power of Kellie Everts. Indeed, as a proponent of women's superiority over men, Kellie would indeed understand my susceptibility as a mere male to her female power—and revel in it!

Tape #121, entitled "Pure Lust" is 91 minutes long and \$75. It features not only Kellie but also her protege

Athena, a blonde lovely in white lace who jiggles her pale pink-nipped D-cups while Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" plays on the stereo. (Actually, boob-men who are classical music lovers will find Kellie's tapes are not only visually packed, but musically stuffed as well. You can leave them on your VCR even if you're not watching the picture, and just listen to the music. Sometimes, Kellie had me guessing at the titles of the pieces—many of the ones she plays are familiar, but their names often dance on the tip of the tongue.) "Pure Lust" is in many ways a perfect example of the unique features of a Kellie tape—with her lacy, form-fitting outfits and fishnet hose, she not only performs but gives commentary on how it's important to coordinate one's accessories in a costume.

Video #79, "Goddess Routine," (60 mins., \$40), finds Kellie lifting weights in tight chartreuse clothes. Then she shows off her hot ass in panties, bending over, dancing and jiggling her enormous tits. She even consults the script on-screen to show how conscientious she is about fulfilling the needs of her customers, many of whom pay her for custom-designed videos. She then reminisces about the "good old days," as she jauntily puts it, days of go-go dancing and stripping for God. "It's not easy being Kellie Everts," she tells us, enjoying a cooling beverage. "I got sick of the pressure of giving sermons and preaching," she explains. Then she goes into something that must be unique



for an erotic video—about ten minutes of stand-up comedy in the best tradition of Myron Cohen, albeit an X-rated one. She tells one particularly funny joke about a woman who ties ribbons around her husband's balls to prevent him from snoring. But I won't tell you the punchline—I know how some people hate it when a joke is ruined. Suffice to say, Kellie rousingly finishes her routine, and after this breather the viewer is ready for some more hot bench-pressing action as Kellie's strong arms lift





massive weights. "So you think it's easy being Kellie Everts?" she concludes. "You gotta press weights, you gotta dance, preach, tell jokes, be a businesswoman."

Video #38, which is 58 minutes long for \$25, is a strip show complete with feather boa. Video #128, "Mom, I Shrunk My Husband," is something else entirely—111 min-

utes for \$120 which takes the viewer into a world of the bizarre fetish of giant women and miniature men. Co-starring with another big-jugged beauty, the haughty Ginate, Kellie directs a tale of a husband who is 6'5" of aggression and bad manners. To teach him a lesson, Ginate shrinks him to only about a foot high, and then proceeds to put him in his



place. Now, since Kellie doesn't have the resources of a Steven Spielberg (but if only, if only, she did!), the shrunken husband is played by a plastic doll, but that doesn't diminish the weird effect of watching Ginate and Kellie as they dance before him like gigantic pagan deities, and then sit on him with their enormous bare asses and

pussies. "Try to run away and I'll catch you really fast!" Ginate intones to her mini-hubby, while Tchaikovsky plays on the stereo. Ginate presses the doll onto the floor with her bare tits and bare feet. She also puts the doll's head in her pussy like a dildo. Then Kellie begins a soliloquy off-camera about how John, the poor spouse, will have to remain tiny for ten years in order to repay his wife for the ten years of bullying he put her through. When Kellie comes onto the scene, she hangs her panties on the doll's head while the exotic Arabian-themed music "Scheherezade" lustily pervades the soundtrack.

I was well into the universe, the cosmic Kellie-verse, if you will, by the time "Mom, I Shrunk My Husband" was over, but I was only in for more unusual sights when I slipped #132, "Treasury of Bras," into my steaming Mitsubishi. Kellie's mobile camera-work takes us across an expanse of lawn to a most amazing sight—a score of bras hanging on a



clothesline! In no time, we are transported into Kellie's bedroom, where in the 120 minutes of this video (\$120), we see Kellie trying on one after the other, while she explains where she got them (J.C. Penney's, Victoria's Secret, etc.) and basically



talks about the whole theory of bras—sizes, fit, hooks, cup-sizes, construction. Soon after this, Ginate, that haughty girl, returns and does some bra-modeling herself. She changes from various bras and panties and then masturbates herself in startling closeups that show the full lips of her voluminous pussy.

"Bust Lust," #33, continues the fun in 68 minutes of wild sights (\$50). Opening with pictures of Kellie in various magazines, she then comes on-screen and reads a letter from one of her fans, requesting a custom-video. He wants her in different bras, poses, and fuschia lipstick. He wants her to straddle the cameraman, and then he wants some high-angle shots peering down the valley of her cleavage. "Please jiggle your breasts," he tells her in the letter. Kellie is an obliging performer; soon she's wearing all her hot outfits and giving her client nice shots of tit-jiggle close to the lens. As she moves about the room, dancing, she is the perfect exemplar of the classical style of burlesque—the slow, sensuous hand movements, the pin-up style poses, the languid turns of the body.

Video #42, "Hot, Homy, and Blue," is 72 minutes (\$40) and has Kellie showing off her legs in patterned hose which have a convenient "cunt-slit" that opens to reveal





her wet hole. Old-time jazz plays on the soundtrack as she dances and strips out of a tight knit skirt and shows off her buns and commands us to kiss her ass. But Video #67, "Fashion Strip Date," (101 minutes, \$99), is in many ways the most unusual. Kellie gives us a fashion show not only of striptease costumes, but also of some arousing items of street clothing. She tells us

She changes from various bras and panties and then masturbates herself in startling closeups that show the full lips of her voluminous pussy.

about the designers who made the items, how much they cost—she even gives tips about not mixing pastel clothes with black stockings. She then talks about her body-building days, and shows a commercial she did back in 1980 for her book *The Ultimate Woman*—amazing footage that shows us the Kellie of an earlier day, so that we have a more complete perspective on her beauty and career. "Motivation, Discipline, Progress, Achievement, Reward"—these are the watchwords of the training Kellie espouses in this commercial. Then, after the advertisement is over, we come back to the present and Kellie dresses in what she calls a "classically horny outfit" of red negligee with maribou



cuffs and black bra, corset, and stockings, all the better to tantalize the traveler in her wild land of exotic big-boobed desires. She concludes with some silver-bullet dildo action on her ever-hairy pussy.

Yes, friends, we're back to tell you—the land of Kellie Everts is an amazing place. This has been a trav-
elogue of some of the sensual sights and sounds we witnessed. If you want to do some exploring yourself, order some videos. To get a catalog and newsletter, send \$7 (and include a signed statement that you are at least eighteen years old) to Kellie Everts, Box 45, Ouaquaga, New York, 13826. Kellie says that cash and money orders get the fastest service, but personal checks take four weeks. You can even get a photo-packed magazine biography of her, from which we got many facts for this article, for \$20. And there are even ways that you can end up in a Kellie Everts video production! Write her and find out all about it, and tell her D-CUP sent you.

Until next time, this is Ocar Stein, your intrepid reporter, saying "Good tits to you, good splits to you, good night to you!" □





Stuck in America
She's the ruler of
some far off island
But everywhere
she makes men
smile

BY
TOM
FICE

QUEEN GAZONGA

As the bright early morning sunlight streams in the window,
Queen Gazonga soaps her generous body to wash water





Claire

Your garden variety boob model



Claire is a sterling example of the garden variety English boob model: young, starchy, fresh-faced, pleasant, willing to show her hairy little pussy, but unwilling to do the "rude" American spread shots. And it goes without saying that her boobs are 100% natural. That's the main thing about the pudding-fed British babes. Through a combination of heredity, diet and climate, English girls are just prone to grow big tits which they have no desire to supplement artificially like their American cousins who consider anything less than 50 DD inadequate.

So here we have Claire, 37-26-39, posing ever so teasingly in her room, bringing the erotic heat to a slow, deliberate simmer as, looking directly in your eyes, she flashes a little boob and snatch, and brings her nipple to her mouth and sucks on it leaving behind a lipstick imprint just so you know exactly where her nipple has been.

"It's just a little harmless fun I like to have," Claire says of her exhibitionist tendencies. "I may not be the most gorgeous girl in the kingdom, but I know how to get a bloke excited."

Yes, Claire, that's why you're in the magazine.









Stacked Stowaway

Continued from page 53

the way. This, together with too many Margaritas, had proved the kiss of death for Jack's chances with the busty babe, and the tasty brunette had quickly lost interest in him and his alleged sailboat.

Jack cast off the jib sheet and prepared to come about for a starboard tack. Even if the 28-foot Pelican was an older Triton Class sloop, so far she appeared to be still seaworthy and handled very well. If only the God-damn wind would shift around, he wouldn't have to bust his ass so much.

Two hours after leaving the San Diego marina, Jack's prayers were dramatically answered as the wind unexpectedly veered around, coming out of the southwest. This enabled Jack to put the Pelican on a beam reach, the simplest of all points of sailing—and the fastest. Perhaps now he could take a breather on deck as long as the wind direction remained constant. Besides Jack desperately needed to use the head and get a hot drink. Checking everything over, he made fast the running rigging and nipped down to the cabin. In the galley, the yachtsman put on a pot of coffee and then went forward to take a leak. It was now that the sailor heard an odd sound coming from the twin berths behind the forward bulkhead. Distinguishable from the normal creaking heard below a boat under full sail, the noise sounded like an unearthly female voice singing. The salty dog's first thought was that he's purchased a yacht complete with a frigging ghost. Plucking up courage, he brisly opened the door to confront what he thought would probably be a terrifying apparition.

Jack's jaw dropped like an anchor when he discovered what was on the other side of the bulkhead. It was none other than that chesty chick Vanessa who had been bugging him back in San Diego for a ride to Catalina Island the night before. Stretched out languidly on one of the bunks, the fully-clothed titter was mindlessly singing along to her Walkman.

"How the fuck did you manage to sneak on board?" Jack barked.

Slowly pulling off her headphones, the girl smiled demurely, apparently unfazed.

Jack repeated his question.

"Well, late last night I hung around the dock until someone showed up with a key and opened the security gate. Then I simply snuck through and found your boat. You probably can't remember, but when you were drunk back at the bar you told me exactly which landing the Pelican was tied up against."

"Very crafty, I must say. However, I have to get back up on deck or we'll

capsize for sure. Now that you're here, perhaps you could make yourself useful and bring me up a mug of coffee. Make sure you put on some safety gear before you get topside though."

"Aye, aye, Skipper," Vanessa replied sarcastically as he left.

When the looker finally emerged from the cockpit with his steaming cup of coffee, Jack couldn't help but stare at those bulging jugs of hers imprisoned beneath her orange life jacket.

"I hope you know something about sailing," Jack screamed over the noise of flapping sails. "If you do, I could use an extra hand. This boat's almost too much for one person."

"No problem. As I told you back at the yacht club, I've crewed for a lot of charter boats out of Los Angeles."

The beam sea was now slopping over the Pelican's windward side causing her to roll slightly. Nevertheless, they were making very good time.

"You know, that south westerly's gonna drop completely in an hour or so," shouted Vanessa.

"That's ridiculous. How the hell do you

His hooter rooter went crazy between the brunette's unruly blimps.

know?" asked Jack incredulously. "The Coast Guard predicts..."

"Screw the Coast Guard! They don't know didly squat. I'm telling you, we're going to be becalmed," the bra-buster interrupted, ducking under the boom. "Mark my words, I have a sixth sense when it comes to weather. You'll have to use the engine to get this old tub into Avalon."

"Well, I hope you're wrong," said Jack testily, hanging on to the tiller. "Anyway, to get back to yesterday. Couldn't you find someone else willing to take you to Catalina in exchange for some nookie, eh?"

"Yeah, I did as a matter of fact. But I didn't fancy them as much as you, even if you were trashed and an asshole to boot."

Jack had begun to feel bad about his attitude when he'd discovered her hiding below. Now it seemed he'd been given a second chance to get his hands on the bosomy chick's fine casabas.

Jack couldn't believe his eyes when the weather started to change after midday just as the girl had predicted. Surely enough, the wind dropped from a moderate to a gentle and then to a light breeze, finally leaving the ocean completely calm like the surface of a mirror. It was one of the eeriest things

Jack had seen in all his years sailing.

Vanessa stared out at the sapphire ocean sparkling in the brilliant sunshine. Above an amazed Jack, the once billowing mainsail now hung loosely, totally bereft of wind.

"What did I tell you, Jack. I should go to work for a meteorological bureau, don't you think?" the blonde said smugly, removing her cumbersome life jacket.

Jack could clearly see the contours of Vanessa's braless gazonas wobbling beneath her T-shirt. The horny mariner had to admit the blonde had the most colossal hooters he'd seen in years. Her boobs were even bigger than those belonging to that Jamaican babe he'd met years ago down in the Caribbean.

Leaning over the port side of the boat, Vanessa nonchalantly dropped a plastic bucket on a line over the side and filled it up with seawater. Hauling it up, she then dumped the bucket's briny contents all down her jutting front. "Damn, it's hot. I hope you don't mind but I need to cool off my tits before they get heat exhaustion."

Jack made no attempt to avert his eyes from Vanessa's drenched chest as her white T-shirt became temporarily translucent, revealing her fat nipples and dark, wide areolae in all their glory. Then as Jack stood flabbergasted by the cock-raising spectacle, Vanessa walked over to him and brazenly shook her saturated hangers inches from his face.

"I think we should go below for a while before you start up the engine. What do you think?" she purred, seductively running her fingers down the length of her soaked cleavage.

Hypnotized by what was plainly visible beneath her waterlogged top, Jack nodded and followed the foxy wrench down the companionway ladder, through the galley, and towards the forward berths. Slipping on the starboard bunk, the gorgeous Vanessa wasted no time at all in pulling down her shorts and kicking off her panties.

"Okay, titman, do you want me to hold off unveiling my boobs for the time being," she said, teasing Jack.

"No... No. P-P-Please take it off," the yachtsman stammered, completely flustered by the babe's outrageous behavior.

"All right. But you better not shoot your load like some men do when I air my whoppers," she added, grinning cheekily.

Then with some difficulty Vanessa slowly pulled up her clingy T-shirt past her big boozums, momentarily snagging her thumb-like nipples on the limply top's rucked up hem. After what seemed like an eternity for Jack, the big-titter's magnificent droopers at last flopped free.

Vanessa reclined on the bunk bed, spreading her legs apart to reveal a very hairy pussy complete with a natural parting straight down the middle. The minx shifted around impatiently, her

beautiful megamams jiggling around as she fidgeted. Next Vanessa brushed her fingertips seductively across her chocolate nipples, licking the rubbery nozzles back and forth like light switches.

When a naked Jack joined Vanessa on the cramped berth, the huge-chested brunette squeezed his cock, making it even thicker and stiffer than it already was. In a flash, she placed his turgid rod between her waiting lips and began to vigorously suck away to her heart's content. Gradually Vanessa took the entire length of the yachtsman's hairy member down her throat, almost gagging on its considerable heft.

Jack nearly came then and there—the blonde was such an incredible turn-on.

Pulling her partner's rigid prick out of her salivating mouth, the voluptuary cooed, "Suck my tits." Jack instantly obliged and began to nuzzle and lick the vast expanse of collapsed tit-flesh before him. Soon Vanessa's heavy sea bags were slick with dribble as Jack proceeded to nibble and drool on them, taking care for now to avoid the juicy nipples at their centers.

The E-cupper's lithe body heaved with pleasure as the sailor's tongue began to flick over her cigar-butts dugs. Jack knew she could soon explode in orgasm if he continued for too long, so he stopped. He then told Vanessa to sit up. As she pushed her slender torso upright, her gargantuan knockers swung together to recreate that bottomless cleavage of hers.

Plunging his tumescent dork between her giant torpedoes, Jack began to buck on top of the blonde when she lay back down, compressing her breasts around his prick for greater friction. As he did this, Vanessa manipulated his brimming balls with her competent hands.

After a few blissful minutes of this, Jack withdrew his dick from Vanessa's boobs, and slid down to the end of the cramped bunk. Gently, he pushed his nose into her bushy snatch and sought out her cunt lips with his exploring mouth. When he found them, he began to separate the fleshy folds with his agile tongue while the temptress softly moaned.

Vanessa's large glistening clit rose to the occasion as he licked it, and the busty babe's cunt-juices were now making her upper thighs wet.

Jack knelt for a moment and looked down at the writhing vixen. Then he plunged his ten-inches into the girl's sopping hole. She squirmed violently as he pushed his ramrod all the way in. Jack had never screwed such a wild bitch as Vanessa and he was going to make it last come hell or high water. Fucking her slowly at first, Jack gradually increased the speed of his pelvic thrusts, stopping every once in a while so his lips

could perform a feverish trans-areolar crossing.

Jack was fascinated by the continual motion of Vanessa's plush breasts. They were so majestic and perfectly complemented by her firm abdomen. Already Jack felt pre-orgasmic spasms shooting up his cock as the blonde's restless fingers again picked at her distended teats, continuing to keep them erect. When her body tensed in ecstasy, her enormous rack expanded and contracted, changing the shapes of her rugged dug-halos from circles to ovals and back again.

Then, just as the mariner was about to pull out of the babe's clam and boob-bop her once more, she started to climax, impaling her squelchy box on his shaft all the way up to the hilt. Jack held on for dear life as Vanessa's tumultuous orgasm peaked and eventually subsided. With the stowaway momentarily sati-



ated, Jack was now free to resume the tit-fuck of the century.

For the second time, Jack's hooter-rooter went crazy between the blonde's unruly blimp, and the sailor mashed her fallen zeppelins together in a frantic effort to reach orgasm himself.

Out of the blue, Jack got the insatiable desire to shoot his sticky load down Vanessa's throat when he finally came. He felt compelled him to withdraw his testes-tack from her cock-warmers and jam its rigidly into the blonde's gaping kisser. Again he felt her greedy tongue immediately attack the intrusion, flickering across his dick-head as he filled her up. Hungry she consumed Jack's extremity, rhythmically rubbing her taught lips up and down his aching boner. Vanessa's long brown hair cascaded around the yachtsman's groin, shielding her pumping from his view.

With the blonde's pretty jaws forced apart to accommodate his fat sausage, Jack again began to feel pre-orgasmic spasms as his prick grew even larger in the final seconds before he ejaculated. Jack pulled his partner's hair back so he

could watch the action. Like before, Vanessa was almost choking on his penile heft. Jack could see the buxom wench's nostrils flaring as, with some difficulty, she attempted to breath through her nose.

Predictably enough, Jack discharged his molten lava into Vanessa's silky mouth, flooding her orifice with his plentiful jism. Before Vanessa had a chance to start swallowing, the overflow began to trickle out from where her taught lips encircled his erection. Drops of sticky mucus dribbled down her chin and on to her shaking hooters.

While the sailor was still inside her, Vanessa climaxed one more time—a tremendous earthquake rippling through her torrid flesh. Jack thought she'd bite his cock off as she thrashed around, but instead, she spat him out.

Jack left an exhausted Vanessa dozing on the bunk and went aft to check the Pelican's motor. Even though Catalina Island was now clearly visible over the yacht's port side, it would still be at least three hours before they would be able to make landfall. Jack flipped on the ignition switch and attempted to turn the engine over. Straight away there was a sickly grinding noise as the starter tried to crank the engine and repeatedly failed. The yachtsman couldn't believe it. He'd serviced the motor himself only days before. What the hell could the problem be? It couldn't be the battery, he'd just replaced that, and everything had worked fine that morning. Perhaps it was a jammed Bendix gear or simply a loose connection.

Frustrated and unable to locate the cause of the engine malfunction after half an hour, Jack's loud cursing soon brought Vanessa up from the cabin.

"Shit! Without a radio telephone I'm going to have to use the God-damn flares to attract the Coast Guard if we don't get a fresh breeze soon," the disgruntled sailor mumbled.

"Well, let's wait a bit," said Vanessa. "You can always try whistling for a wind if you believe in the old nautical superstition."

"Actually a naughty superstition called Vanessa is the only thing I believe in today," said Jack, winking at the topless blonde and wiping his greasy hands on a rag.

"Well, in that case, why don't you put your lips together and, instead of whistling, kiss my huge mams some more until you decide what to do."

Jack grinned from ear to ear and followed Vanessa down the companion way. Last night at the yacht club bar, the sailor had bragged to his cronies that it would be Santa Catalina or bust. Right then as Jack ogled at Vanessa, things definitely looked like "bust"—and a big-nippled one at that. □

ROAD TEST

5,000 Miles in the **BMW 535i SPORTS SEDAN**

*Quality and precision for the
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Story and Photos By Howard Weinstein

Let's face it, the buyer of a BMW 535i is usually the schizophrenic type. The civilized, cultured personality within him wants the comfort, style and prestige of an S-Class Mercedes, while his thrill-seeking personality wants the power, roadability and visceral appeal of a Porsche 911 Turbo. BMW long ago created a class of automobile to satisfy people like this—the sports sedan. The 1991 535i is perhaps the best version of BMW's "best of both worlds" approach to building cars.

After 5,000 miles of driving the 5-Series, which has not changed substantially since it debuted in 1989, I'm convinced that the Bavarian engineers know exactly what people want in a sports sedan, and they know how to deliver it.

By living with the 535i for 5,000 miles, I was not only able to gauge its performance on a variety of roads and weather conditions, but was able to experience the level of performance that this car is capable of delivering only after I became intimately familiar with its responses and nuances.

On the highway, steering is consistently precise and feedback from the road is always sufficient to enable the driver to maintain complete control and confidence at any speed all the way up to this 535i's top speed of 142 mph. Flip on the cruise control, put a tape into the BMW high output 10-speaker sound system (CD optional) and you are ready to cruise for as long as your tank of gas will last, which, by the way, you will know with precision simply by hitting the "range" button on the on-board computer.

Within permitted speed limits, the only downside of the 535i is that it seems to crawl. This is because the environmental cues normally indicate the magnitude of your speed—engine noise, wind noise, shakes and bumps—are nearly imperceptible in this car at any speed which is within our nation's govern-

Steering is consistently precise, enabling the driver to maintain complete control all the way up to the top speed of 142 mph.





mentally mandated speed limits. Lean on the accelerator on an empty highway, however, and the speedometer will be in the triple digits before you notice that your driving is beginning to require your undivided attention. The 3.5 liter 208 horsepower engine consistently provides smooth and generous power and, at almost any speed, reserves the ability to provide you with a little extra boost when requested with a kick down of the accelerator pedal. This is good for quickly and effortlessly soaking up miles of Interstate, but, unfortunately, this is also good for your neighborhood state trooper.

All of this is fine for the comfort-conscious Dr. Jekyll, but what does the 535i offer the excitement-hungry Mr. Hyde? Take this "ultimate driving machine" on a 40 mph curve in tense road, drop the four speed automatic transmission into "sport" mode and you'll find out. The test car's Pirelli 225/60 ZR15 tires mounted on BBS light alloy wheels dig into the road to provide excellent lateral acceleration, augmented with gradual and predictable understeer, which kept a smile on my face while winding in and out of the tightest of curves. Although there's slightly more body roll and a bit less road adhesion than you'd get with BMW's sports suspensions found on the \$56,000 M5 sedan or the new 325i, I think the increased ride comfort of the 535i, particularly on long trips, more than compensates for this.

So much has been said about the fit, finish and overall quality of a BMW that to go on about how well they are made, the quality of the materials and workmanship and the attention to detail that goes into them could begin to seem trite. But, those are the facts. Every switch, button and surface that comes into contact with you exudes quality and precision. From the thick, pedded leather steering wheel to the plush, pedded leather steering wheel to the plush, pedded leather seats (heat and electric are options) to the multi-purpose turn signal, high beam and on-board computer remote control lever with reassuring "tactile feedback," you know that if an improvement or innovation is possible, BMW has done it.

One exception to the foregoing, however, is BMW's apparent mental block when it comes to arm rests. The hard, skinny stick-like arm rests that swing down from the front seats on either side of the center console seem to be the designer's way of saying that they really disapprove of such decadent pleasures as resting our arms. If we are going to insist on these frivolities, their feeling is that we are just

Every switch, button and surface that comes in contact with you exudes quality and precision.

going to have to make do with what they reluctantly threw in, seemingly as an afterthought. Never mind that the arm rests are awkwardly positioned so as to interfere with your ability to buckle the seat belt. Besides, we should feel lucky, as the old 3-Series didn't get any arm rests at all.

In addition to having one of the prettiest and most comfortable interiors I've seen, the German tradition of providing rather austere cabins has given way over the years to a high-tech approach which now includes a plethora of niceties such as one touch operation of the sun roof and driver's window, windshield wipers that automatically reduce their speed when the car slows down, individual climate control settings for driver and passenger and an LED display on the dash that can be programmed to display the time, outside temperature or your choice of data from the on-board computer. This BMW also comes prewired for a cellular telephone and a trunk mounted CD player that can be controlled through the standard stereo system.

Four large adults can remain comfortable in the sculpted leather seats for hours. Unless the front seat occupants get overly greedy with the leg room, there is sufficient length in the cabin for four six-footers to remain quite comfortably without any need to tuck their knees under their chins. Fold up the huge padded rear arm rest and a fifth traveler can join the party.

Safety features include standard anti-lock brakes, an optional traction control system, driver's side air bag, padded knee bolsters and a sensor that, in the event of an accident, unlocks all of the doors, switches on the interior lights and activates the emergency flashers. The most effective safety feature of this car, however, just may be the way it handles. The 535i's ability to maneuver around or stop in the face of a hazard with reassuring stability and control is the best insurance against ever having to test its collision invoked safety devices.

Night time driving safety is enhanced by halogen high beams that bathe the road in front of you with intense white light that is about the brightest I've seen on any automobile.

In addition, the low beam projection style headlamps provide crisp beams of driving light.

The sleek white luxo-cruiser arrived for its extended test drive in near perfect condition. The only problems to report to the dealer at the 1,200 mile scheduled service were a defective sun roof motor, a windshield washer nozzle with bad aim and a slight tendency for the transmission to be rough when down-shifting into the low gears, making for less than smooth stopping. The first two problems were quickly solved by the dealer's service department under warranty. With respect to the third problem, however, I was told that the transmission is within specification and that it should smooth out as the car breaks in. As of the 5,000 mile mark, there have been no unpleasant surprises at all, but I'm still living with the annoying transmission problem, which is unfortunate in light of otherwise complete satisfaction with the 535i and BMW's service.

When the schizoid schizophrenic sets out in search of the perfect automobile to satisfy his dual lusts for both comfort and luxury as well as world class handling and performance, he certainly should expect to make compromises. Unfortunately, compromise usually serves to establish a middle ground which leaves everybody unsatisfied. The 535i is one solution to compromise that's so much fun, you forget that you were trying to compromise in the first place. If you're lucky enough to be able to withstand the shock of the \$44,500 price tag, the BMW 535i is surely a better cure for schizophrenia than years on a psychiatrist's couch. □

Specifications

Category	Mid-size
Vehicle Type	4-door sedan
Estimated Price Range	\$42,700-\$43,300
Seating Capacity	5
Engine	208hp 3.5 liter SOHC I-6
Transmission	4-speed automatic
Drive system	Rear-wheel drive
Wheelbase	106.7 in.
Length	185.8 in.
Width	66.9 in.
Height	55.8 in.
Curb weight	3,615 lb.
Fuel tank capacity	21.1 gal.
EPA city/highway mph	15/21

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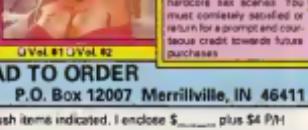
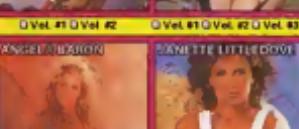
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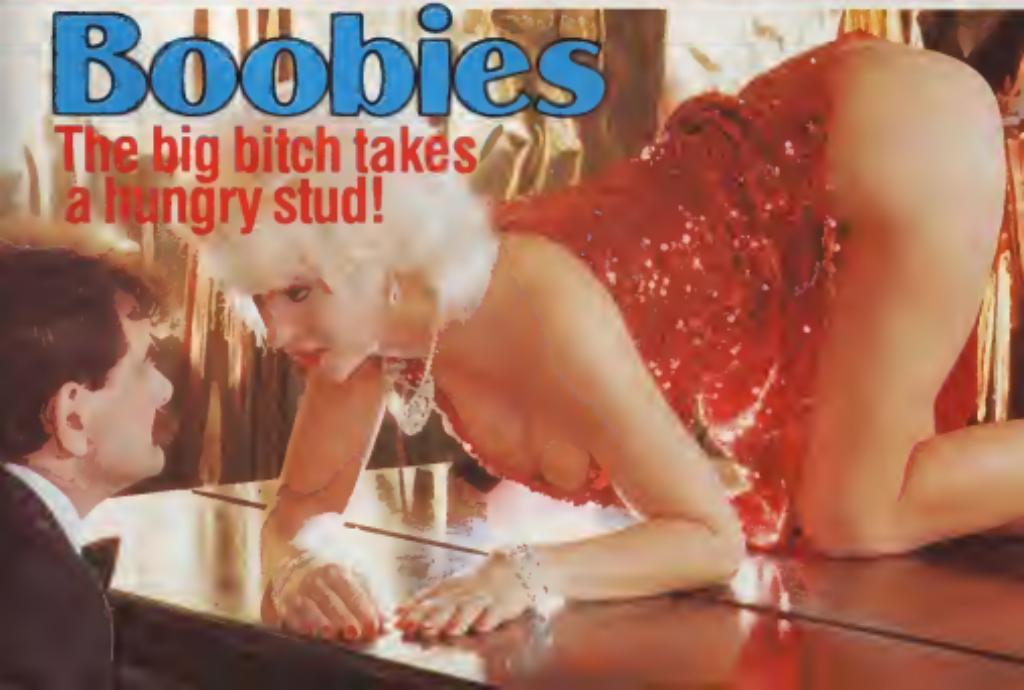
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a hungry stud!**



Though this is Suzy Boobies third appearance in D-Cup, it is the first time she's posing in the hardcore mode, showing that her generous assets will get a rise out of any stud, and make him drool as he chows down on her delectable pink twat. (For the historical record, Suzi was also in our December '90 and August '91 issues.)

For some time now we've been aware of the fact that Ms. Boobies objects to our characterization of her as a "big bitch." This has not prevented us from describing her as such every chance we get. We will reiterate our reasons: Suzi's a bitch in bed. Sex with her is hot, nasty, dirty, demanding, exhausting, prolonged and ultimately fulfilling. You can look it up. Now, here at last, we get to study her methods. Note how she teasingly flashes the piano man her blonde mulf then gets down on her knees to look

deep into his eyes. Note her expression of sheer ecstasy as she feeds the man her mulf, her enormous orbs jutting straight out, her nipples erect. Note how she becomes a living expression of the old joke: *What should a woman put behind her ears? Her legs!* And note, at last, how the stud can no longer contain himself and has no choice but to









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